

THE POETS CORNER.

THE DUTY—THE REWARD.

Every day bath and trouble,
Every heart has care;
Noble heart has care;
And brother's share.

For not, ah, not, though the burden
Heavy to do prove:
He shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

Faithfully enduring, ever
Lately spirit be
Blown by winds that cannot sever,
To Humanity.

Labour! wait! thy Master's part!
Ere his task was done:
Count not thy feeble moments,
Life hath but begun.

Labour! and the seed thou sowest,
Water with thy tears;
God is faithful, he will give thee
Answer to thy prayers.

Wait in hope! Though yet no verdure
Glad thy longing eyes,
Thou shalt see the ripened harvest
Grown in the skies.

Labour! wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear—

Wait in hope! the morning dawns
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee,
When thy work is done.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FEMALE COURAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

A striking trait of courage in a lady, forms

the subject of conversation at present in Paris.

Madame Aubrey lives in a solitary chamber not

far from the town of —. The family consists

only of Mr. Aubrey, his wife, a child about a

year old, and a maid servant. In the little

town, every light is out by ten o'clock, and

the most perfect solitude reigns at that

hour in their house, which lies off the road, and

is completely hidden by trees. One night last

winter, Madame Aubrey was sitting alone read-

ing by the light of a single candle, when a

knock at the door interrupted her. She called

in a low voice, and a maid entered, and

said, "A lady is waiting to see you."

Madame Aubrey rose, and went to the door,

and found a young woman standing before her.

The young woman was dressed in a simple

and elegant manner, and her face was

expressive of intelligence and courage.

Madame Aubrey looked at her for some

minutes, and then said, "What is your name?"

"My name is Eliza," said the young woman.

"Where do you come from?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"I come from a small town in the north,"

said Eliza.

"What brings you to Paris?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"I have come to see a friend who is

ill," said Eliza.

"What friend?" said Madame Aubrey.

"A friend of my father's," said Eliza.

"What is his name?" said Madame Aubrey.

"His name is Mr. Aubrey," said Eliza.

"What is your father's name?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"My father's name is Mr. Aubrey," said Eliza.

"What is your mother's name?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"My mother's name is Mrs. Aubrey," said Eliza.

"What is your father's occupation?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"My father is a merchant," said Eliza.

"What is your mother's occupation?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"My mother is a housewife," said Eliza.

"What is your father's religion?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"My father is a Christian," said Eliza.

"What is your mother's religion?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"My mother is a Christian," said Eliza.

"What is your father's education?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"My father is a scholar," said Eliza.

"What is your mother's education?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"My mother is a scholar," said Eliza.

"What is your father's character?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"My father is a good man," said Eliza.

"What is your mother's character?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"My mother is a good woman," said Eliza.

"What is your father's health?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"My father is in good health," said Eliza.

"What is your mother's health?" said Madame

Aubrey.

"My mother is in good health," said Eliza.

Hard to Please;

SHE MUST BE PERFECT.

It was the misfortune of my brother, Henry

Calvert, to lose his wife, a most amiable and

interesting woman, and as he had not come into

the property of the house, he was obliged to

live in a small cottage, and he was obliged to

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